

BLUE GRASS BLADE

A. T. Parker
High and Ashland East Side
Spots

WE AIM TO CUT DOWN ERROR AND ESTABLISH TRUTH.

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RICH

HARVEST MADE BY THE GRIM REAPER

The Scythe of Time falls disastrously upon Two of America's Wealthiest Freethinkers. Dr. E. B. Root, Sr., and M. J. Canning.

STRUGGLE ENDED AND BOTH LAY DOWN TO ETERNAL REST

By DR. J. B. WILSON

Dr. E. B. Foote St.

"Nothing in his life because him, like the leaving of it."

The summons came and he wrapped the drapery of his couch about him and lay down to plumb oblivion. Whether death be destruction or whether it be a waiting room, in which we rise our selves for immortality, we know not. It is left to us, as he saw it, in making the most of this life, and in helping others to make the most of it.

The rewards of Heaven did not tempt him, and the fears of hell did not daunt him.

Reason only was his guide, and to humanity only was he responsive.

He was a life of study, application, demonstration and practical usefulness. His motives were always large and aspiring, and he was a humanitarian by instinct, and in the highest sense.

While seeking to benefit himself, he was equally anxious in benefiting humanity. The humanitarians secured great credit over the rest of his being.

Not other man in this country, I believe, has done more to advance the cause of Liberalism and to free the human mind than he. This is saying a good deal, but I can make plain this fact.

All the proof necessary is the perusal of his medical books, a half million or more of which have been distributed, and each of which has been read on the average by two or three people. They have gone into families. The women principally, have read them, and consequently they have reached the minds most needed to be informed and educated.

Aside from that medical instruction, there is the social and sexual relations, improvement of humanity, marriage, divorce and religion.

Thus the reader is led by his medical instruction into a higher knowledge of self and nature and especially of his relation to creeds and religion.

No woman of superior mental qualifications, could read his book, and not learn to think for herself, and many thousands have written to Dr. Foote, expressing their thanks and gratitude for the enlightenment he has been to them. His has been an intellectual labor that has counted.

Besides he has always stood in the front as a financial help to the cause. No worthy effort has been propagated, that he has not liberally sustained, and his unswerving hospitality has always welcomed the Liberal pilgrim who has come to his door.

His personality has ever been a stimulant to the cause. He has been looked to, and venerated, as a patriarch among us. He was an inspiration to the young man. More than one, a kind and appreciative word from him has awakened enthusiasm in me, when I greatly needed encouragement.

His labor for Liberalism has extended over a period of fifty years, and the work and good he has done cannot be computed.

Dr. Foote attained to the proportion of an international character. He was well known to Liberals of foreign countries, and in touch with many of the greatest scientific minds.

Personally, Dr. Foote was most genial and companionable. He was full of humor, liked a joke, and had a merry twinkle in his eye.

You felt the warmth of his presence at once, like coming in out of the cold, and standing before a big canvas stove.

He was truly a superior man, and every one was so impressed who came in contact with him, and little can we afford to lose such as he. Only those who have read his books can know and appreciate how great a mind was his.

His death has touched me with profound sadness. I don't like to see the old world go. The shaggy old oaks are the grandest trees in the forest, though mossgrown, some of them; and without limb, still they retain a statelyness, a dignity and dimensions that command our lasting pride and admiration.

Within the last year Death has struck

on some of our grandest and loftiest down—among the many C. C. Moore, Peter Eckler, Dr. York, Capt. Henry, Felix Oswald, Dr. Wetmore and now Dr. Foote.

A few years more, and most of the great leaders and workers whose names are familiar to all, through their writings which have often delighted and instructed us, will be gone. N. F. Griswold, John Wilkes, Dr. George D. Custer, Dr. J. Shaw, Singleton W. Davis, Spearman Eliot, Moses Hartman, Dr. K. Tenny, Thaddeus B. Wakeman, Otto Wetstein, Dr. T. J. Bowles, Channing, Severance, E. W. Chamberlain, Dr. Crofton, B. F. Underwood, W. H. Maple, and many others high in our ranks will be no more. And when these great oaks, which have made the forest so majestic and grand and fallen, it seems to me that their planes will not soon again be filled. We younger sprouts do not seem to be of the same fibre and growth.

If our cause is to live and grow, we must learn of these, of their sacrifices, of their persistency, of their faithfulness and devotion to Justice and to truth, of their inimitable wills, and unconquerable spirits.

What granditudes have they held to us. Not all the resources of Rockefeller or the Rothschilds could effect the progress or produce the future harvests which they have sown.

And so because of their inspiration, their conspicuous individuality, their learning and wisdom, their strength and example, I am always saddened when the old folks go, and feel that something has departed from life that can never be replaced.

With Dr. Foote, age was not all decay. It is the ripening the swelling of the flesh life within, that withers and bursts the husk. He kept young at heart, and the sunset of life seemed to give him a mystic love.

The ripeness of wisdom in him, was like the oldest sacred tree, which emits the most fragrance.

His was a full life, rich with honors and complete with success and the devotion of friends. The philosophy which sustained him through all the years of his virile manhood, sustained him in death, through all his last

(Continued on page Four)

HOW HE FOOLED HIS RELATIVES

An Insane Man's Idea of How he Would Trick an Intolerable Family at the Judgment Day. Would not be there.

From a friend we have received a clipping which gives the following account of an inference a visitor to one of our lunatic asylums had with a patient. It was at a dance, and approaching one of the patients, our visitor said: "You look very pale, I hope that dance hasn't been too much for you?" "Pale?" was the reply. "I should think I am pale. Did you ever see a dead man who wasn't?" "Dead? You're not dead?" "Dead! Dead, sir, as dead as a door-nail to the last ten years."

Thinking it best to humor him, the visitor asked him what complaint he died of.

"Worry," was the reply. "Worry, sir. That's what did it. For half my life I was nagged at right and left by every member of my family. Life was not worth living. They were always at it. And the constant worrying did for me at last."

"I'm sorry to hear that. You're very much of your relatives'."

"Yes, but—" and his face brightened up at the thought of it—"but, I'm going to get even with them yet. Ah! I've done them if they only knew it! Wait till they find out! They won't know for a bit yet, though."

"No? When will they discover it?"

"At the Last Day!"

"The Last Day?"

"Yes, you see, he'd like this. When the undertakers had put my coffin in the hearse they went back into the house to have a glass o' beer. While they were there I slipped out of the coffin and cleared off! And they never knew it, ha!—they never knew it, ha!—not—that never knew that they were burying an empty coffin."

"That was ten years ago. I say, sir, hat ha! I say, you see how I've got to be here."

"No. Can't say that I do."

"Why, sir, hol ho! Don't you see when they all get up on the Last Day what I—fools they'll look when they find that I'm not there!"

FORGOTTEN

IS CRAVE OF CALVIN FROM INSPIRED BOOK

Murderer of Servetus Finds no Abiding Place in the Hearts of His Countrymen—His Church Cold and Forbidden

VOLTAIRE REMEMBERED IN A FAR DIFFERENT WAY

By WILLIAM CURTIS

The most eminent citizens of Geneva were John Calvin and Voltaire, and it is a pity that they were not of the same generation instead of living more than two centuries apart. What a sparing there would have been in theology if they had lived at the same time! And what a joint debate might have been arranged. Each was the greatest controversialist of his generation, perhaps of any generation, and no two men ever or could ever be farther apart in their views of religion, their morals, maxims or manner of life.

It is a remarkable fact that, although Geneva considers John Calvin the most celebrated of all her citizens, his burial place has been forgotten; nobody can find his grave or where his long-suffering wife and his little boy were laid.

There is not a monument or a statue even a bust of the great reformer in the "Protestant Rome" which obtained that title because of him, although I believe a fund to pay for a monument is being raised. There is an oil portrait hanging in the public library which has often been painted over, and said to have been painted from life.

The only apparent honor that the people of Geneva have bestowed upon him is to give his name to a narrow little street. Rue de Calvin is one of their humblest streets, however, and would not have borne his name but for the fact that he lived there.

Cold and Forbidding Church

Any Christian will take you to the church where Calvin used to preach, an imposing edifice. A bright young woman, daughter of the venger, will tell you all about it, and will show you a chair in which he sat in the pulpit before and after his sermons. The interior of the church is as cold and forbidding as the theology and the seats are as hard and straight as his life, the other side of the street is the little church in which John Knox, the great Scotch reformer, preached for several years, and that fact is recorded upon a marble tablet immediately above the entrance. The church officials have marked all historical tombs in a similar manner. There is another tablet a few doors distant which tells you that Liard, the great pianist, lived there.

Calvin had only a few steps from his church. The taylor says that his home was torn down in 1706, and the present building was erected the following year upon the same site, with the same materials. It is now occupied by the "Bureau de Salubrité," the inspector of milk, meats, fish and vegetables. Francis Grufat, "Dealer in Combustibles en Gros et Détail," lives next door, which is quite appropriate, for Calvin himself was a wholesale dealer in combustibles of the very fiercest quality.

For Religious Education.

Although he was a very unlovely character, there are little touches of pathos here and there in his life, and the amount of work that he accomplished shows almost incredible versatility and industry. It has been declared that his record of intellectual activity is unsurpassed by that of any historical personage, and he has undoubtedly exercised a greater influence upon the moral and intellectual progress of his age (without referring to his theological views) than any other man who ever lived. George Bancroft eulogizes Calvin as the father of popular education and the inventor of free schools, and says that his influence greatly created the North American colonies.

"The Pilgrim of Plymouth," he says, "were Calvinists. The best influences in South Carolina came from the Calvinists of France, William Penn was the disciple of the Calvinists. The ships that first brought colonists to Manhattan were filled with Calvinists."

And yet there are some vents in his life that make you shudder. I believe he is the only man who ever sent an intimate friend to the stake because they differed on points of theology. Concerning this friend he wrote:

"(Severus) offers to come hither if it be agreeable to me. But I am un-

ADULTERY

DID NOT RESTRAIN PARSON REYNOLDS FROM DECEIVING HIS WIFE AND ELOPING WITH ANOTHER WOMAN? HE LIED TO GET HER.

LIKE ADAM HE LAID BLAM: ON WOMAN HE HAD LEFT.

When the whole system of Christianity is built upon inspired adultery it is not to be wondered at that ministers of the gospel will desert their wives, elope with another woman, commit the crime of false swearing in order to secure a marriage license, and wind up in prison.

This is the fate that befell Rev. George Reynolds, pastor of the First Baptist Church at Pleasant, Pa., a suburb of Elgin, N. Y., and his charming companion, Miss Clara E. Ware, who was formerly an organist in his church. The guilty pair were arrested in Columbus, Ohio, Wednesday, October 5th, last, and were held in dungeon vile to await whatever action Mrs. Reynolds might choose to take in the premises.

Upon being arrested, the preacher broke down, and as usual in all such cases, gave a slimy excuse. He readily admitted his crime, laid the whole trouble at the door of his deserted wife by accusing her of extreme jealousy as to make his life miserable, in which he was liberally assisted by the woman he had eloped with, then cried out,

I know I have done wrong, but, I cannot explain it."

Here the erring parson admits that he knew he had done wrong. Then he must have known it at the time he began it. Knowing it to be wrong, he did not refrain or hesitate, but calmly, knowingly and deliberately committed the act. In spite of the fact that his calling had impelled him to rail against adultery, that having married his wife, according to his creed, made a vow before God that he would always unto his wife till death, forsaking all others, forsook his wife and hung too close to another woman, which is a forcible and powerful argument against the restraining influences, so-called, of the Christian religion.

As for the woman, well, she seemed to know it the moment she had accepted it, else why did she not make a strong protest against being put in prison for running away with another woman's husband, for upon being arrested she defended herself of the following:

"I love Lester and do not regret what I have done."

Under different circumstances those words might have been tinged with heroism, but in this case it simply brands her as a hawd, willing to sacrifice her womanly purity, cause suffering to another, and all to gratify her own ambitions and desires.

Looking at this matter in another light it might be said that if Parsons Reynolds could not get along with his wife he should have divorced her, or if he had been married to a woman he could have told her plainly that he was going away, who he was going with, where he was going to, and what he intended to do when he got there. Then again, the preacher need not have lied in order to marry the woman he had eloped with. The disparities say that Reynolds secured his license to wed from the Columbus Probate court on Sept. 24, at a time that score the bride-elect's name to be Clara Esther Clark, that her father's name was John B. Clark. He also made oath that his home had not been previously married and that his home was at Deposit, N. Y.

After this he secured permission on a wicked farce taking Mrs. Reynolds No. 2, with him, through which he was married to her.

Adultery and lying seem to be the prelibations of this evidently Christian divine. The two usually go together. It is likely that another church will take him and he will go back to preaching again. He could find a convenient text from the snake episode in the garden of Eden for trying to explain why he acted in such a manner as he did:

"My wife was extremely jealous and threatened to expose actions of mine which she regarded as wrong. This girl came into my life. We came away together."

Judging from this, Reynolds had an abundant share of the old Adam nature in him for he was satisfied with his crimes he sought refuge in the argument, "She did it." It may be that his wife had good reasons for feeling jealous and from what he has now done, it

would appear that she had. No doubt Mrs. Reynolds considered such actions "wrong" and under the circumstances she would have a perfect right to expose him. She was a professed hypocrite by teaching one thing and practicing another opposite.

Now what about the deserted wife? Your woman, she excuses her erring husband by alleging that she believed him insane and that while he had threatened to run away with Miss Ware she did not believe him, but had to realize the sad truth when it dawned upon her that he had gone and Miss Ware had gone with him.

One of the worst features is that Miss Ware, or Mrs. Reynolds No. 2, joined Parsons Reynolds in laying the blame on Mrs. Reynolds No. 1. Acquiring in what Reynolds told the police, he added:

Mr. Reynolds was of a jealous temperament and made life unpleasant whenever he met at another woman."

Here is the nail in the cocca nut. The parson's paramour admits that he was a "thief" who "robbed the woman" and doubtless Miss Ware was one of them. This, too, in spite of the fact that Parsons Reynolds had been compelled to read and discourse upon the text which declares that if any man looketh upon a woman with a desire to have carnal knowledge, he hath already committed adultery in his heart, and is therefore guilty. And if the parson was in the habit of looking upon "another woman" it might not have been caught, before Miss Ware would have found herself in the same predicament as Mrs. Reynolds No. 1. Would Mrs. Ware, under the same conditions, have behaved differently?

Reasoning people have long ago discarded the Bible as an authority upon any subject and this heresy is rapidly creeping into the church and seizing upon the minds of its pretlates. Not so very long ago a Dr. Umphrey, of the Episcopal church was denounced as a heretic, tried and so adjudged by an ecclesiastical court of last resort, because he had questioned most important Bible doctrines, and now through a newspaper clipping sent to the Blade by W. H. Burnham, of Wisconsin, we learn that Bishop Charles D. Williams, of the Episcopal diocese of Michigan, in an address to the Young Men's Christian Association at Detroit, told his hearers that the Bible was not God's word, and that he had never so taught it, but had carefully refrained from teaching such doctrine. To be consistent Bishop Williams should now be charged with heresy and subjected to a trial. If he is not, and the Episcopal authorities let the matter pass unnoticed, the Blade will be disappointed, for it desires to see all progressive men out of the church and working in the vineyard of humanity instead of in the temples of Christianity. As a matter of fact Bishop Williams does not belong to the church. He is too liberal, too broad-minded, and too intelligent a man to longer remain there.

That our readers may know what he has said on this subject we reproduce the following from the news item sent to the Blade by Bishop Williams.

Detroit, Mich., Oct. 2.—Bishop Charles D. Williams of the Episcopal diocese of Michigan in an address to Young Men's Christian Association members here Sunday on "The Bible and the Word of God," declared that the Bible was not the word of God, and that the teachings to the contrary were the most prolific source of unbelief the church has to contend with.

The Bishop said:

"Never before have I seen the Bible declare itself the word of God. Yet, we are told, we must take it in its entirety. It is a veritable anachronism, and visitors are requested not to touch it. As it is the direct word of God, we are told, it is the only other.

"Take the young man, just out of college, he reads Genesis and finds impossible geology, astronomy and ethnology. His aching teeth say, when questioned, 'Manipulate it until it fits your sciences.' If too honest to handle the word of God easily, the young man gives up the Bible. He refuses to substitute.

"The Bible needs no defense; all it needs is a simple deal. There are those who say it is devout, diligent, etc. I never say the Bible is the word of God; I say the Bible and the word of God.

"To those who accept the entire book as the literal word of God, I would point out that it is nowhere so stated. Christ tore asunder the Old Testament precepts, the law of Moses, and furnished new ones. Where the Old Testament directed men to hate their enemies, the teaching of Christ were to love one's enemies.

"We must learn from the scriptures how to read the scriptures. Some of us use it as a heathen does his fetish or amulet—a wicked use of the book."

BIBLE

NOT THE INSPIRED WORD OF GOD

Says Bishop Williams of the Episcopal Church. May Be Another Trial For Heresy, and the Blade Hopes There will.

FURTHER EVIDENCES OF UNBELIEF CREEPING INTO CHURCH

For many years the Freethinkers of the world have argued that the Bible is not the word of God and for proof, they have pointed to the Bible itself. A careful perusal of its pages would be enough to convince any intelligent person of that fact. It cannot be the word of God nor could it have been written, or compiled by men under an inspiration from God. The Bible, itself, paints too horrible a picture of its deity to justify such a belief, and yet, it is neither worse nor better than the character of other and similar dictated books we have both received and followed him.

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JAMES E. HUGHES Editor and Publisher

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It is your move!

Some new subscribers would help.

The church has ever detracted from progress.

According to theology it must be either bliss or blisters.

Religion is full of thunderboxes, lightnings and bogies terrors.

For the blade's success on its new venture we must depend on you.

Time was when the ministry was venerated, now it is a by-word and a reproach.

In the Secular world a protestant fraud is as bad as a Catholic humbug. Where's the difference?

So live that you can look any durned man in the face and tell him to go clean, plumb, to—er—Hell-en-a.

Having got a glimpse of Roosevelt's big stick, of course Cuba is going to be good. She's got to, that's all.

Theology believes in punishment on the installment plan but to cut off a dog's tail an inch at a time makes it no easier on the dog.

Most men assert they are free, yet they willingly become the most abject and pitiful slaves to the party lash and readily swallow the bolus.

God is eternal, declares the religionist, but after all he must share eternity with the slightest speck of dust swimming in a sunbeam. It, too, is eternal.

As an evidence that religion, especially the Christian brand, and business won't mix, we have yet to find a church deacon who could get a loan from a bank upon the unctuousness of his Amen.

The purists are making progress but slowly, for while they labor hard and long for the conservation of virtue they have neglected seeking for the causation of vice. Once found, the remedy is not far off.

If the laborer is ever to find political redemption in this land, or any other, he must cease allowing himself to be swayed through the heart instead of the head. He must use reason more and sentiment less.

The chief priests and Levites still worship at the shrine of Mammon and they give encouragement to the professional bank wreckers, protective tariff beneficiaries and the sworn enemies of labor. Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

We note the comment made by Higher Science in regard to our opinion concerning the Humanitarian Review upon the question of organization. To be candid The Blade did not believe the case was half as bad as it is made to appear.

Among the pulpitites there are thousands possessed of such bold brains that all they have to boast of could be successfully blown through a straw into the eye of a mosquito without even making the pestiferous little insect wink.

In spite of the fact that labor is cribbed, cabined and confined by the most unnatural conditions, it creates wealth every year to properly feed, clothe, educate and comfortably house every human being who stands beneath the shadow of our flag.

It is gratifying to note that while the American government has refused to admit the Chinese laborer, they have very properly placed his joss sticks

on a par with articles of religious worship pertaining to other systems. The Board of United States general appraisers at the Port of New York has ruled that joss sticks, being imported to this country from China, do not come under the head of "manufactured articles" and, therefore subject to a duty of that class, but were designated as "incense" and therefore were "unenumerated." Thus the joss worshippers may play with his sticks without a heavy burden of taxation. And why should the Chinaman be taxed for his joss sticks when every church in the country is able to dodge the collector?

HUMAN CONCEPTIONS OF SIN

AND VICARIOUS ATONEMENT.

The Christian conception of sin, now engrained upon our system of jurisprudence, is responsible for much misplaced energy and talent, and the proficient sense of a mistaken idea concerning its origin and treatment. This proposition was given a forcible demonstration in Lexington Sunday last, when according to the news reports, Dean Capers of the Protestant Episcopal church is quoted as having said:

"Man's consciousness of sin is measured by the altitude he has built, and this consciousness of sin demonstrates the necessity of the plan of redemption."

In the first place it is necessary that we should determine what is meant by the term, sin, and to what extent the human mind is influenced thereby. The Christian explanation is totally inadequate to admit of a rational attempt at elucidation for it brings sin into the world at one fell swoop whereas perfection and a total freedom from sin had previously existed. Christian theology teaches that originally, sin came into the world through Adam. That Adam was created perfect, in the image, or likeness of God. That Adam's sin consisted of simile disobedience in doing that which he had been forbidden to do by some superior power. That by reason of this disobedient act, sinfulness was transmitted to all underneath posterity, a curse placed upon the world, from which, an act of murder became a necessity in order to provide a method of redemption from that sin. At the same time, we are assured, that the same disobedient act also brought death into the world, a state which was, supposedly, previously unknown.

If we take up the thread of the argument at this point we are compelled to draw the conclusion that an act, to be a sin, must be original, that is, it must find its motive and volition in the individual committing that act. Philosophy has clearly demonstrated that motives are, in every case, the causes of volition and the will must always be the strongest motive. God, having created sin, must, necessarily be sinful, or, being powerless to prevent sin, must surrender one of the principal attributes with which his votaries have clothed him. To condemn posterity for the sinful act of an ancient progenitor is clearly unjust and the Christian is bewildered, no-matter from which point he approaches the question.

Discordant theology in such an inquiry and approaching it from a purely scientific basis, we find that sin, or crime, when reduced to its finest analysis, is that act upon the part of any organism towards another organism, which is injurious to that other from that other's point of view. In its broadest sense this definition is too vague to be of much value, for it opens up a wide and almost limitless field. On the other hand did we narrow the definition down so as to be more explicit, it must necessarily exclude some of the more lowly forms. From this understanding of sin has come that doctrine of self-preservation which we are told was the first law of nature, and this, clearly, does not belong to man alone, but is the common property of all animals. It is also clear that primitive man could not make the distinction that we do between sin, crime and wrongdoing, or an act of war. These, combined, made up for him, the only kind of sin he knew of, and for each and all he avenged himself as best he could, according to the limits of his individual impulses.

With this understanding of sin, it seems impossible that any reasonably intelligent person could arrive at a state, or condition, of consciousness where in any plan or system, of redemption could arise that would be sufficient and exist outside of the individual.

Vicarious atonement is foreign to law, and beyond the individual cannot atone for individual sin.

It is a fundamental law of nature that man fees the consequences of his own acts that such consequences are inevitable and he has to meet them himself.

It may be a part of God's plan to punish the innocent for the guilty, but it is not in harmony with the best feelings of humanity and in this humanity revolts against the vicarious atonement and the Christian plan of redemption.

Transcend a law of nature and nature inflicts her own punishment upon the transgressor, not upon another for him and permit him to escape. Violate any

part of the statutory law and the judicial tribunals impose penalties upon the violator, not upon innocent persons.

The Christian notion of regarding

sin as wholly repugnant to every human feeling, a trysty on justice and a deliberate trampling upon the equitable application of human rights.

Did a person owe any financial obligation and another person volunteered to liquidate that obligation, the offered help being satisfactory to all persons interested, the obligation is discharged thereby and the debtor relieved. Did man commit crime and a thousand Christ's should perish on the cross, the entire aggregation could not relieve him from the responsibility of his act, though they died for his sake. The punishment would, or might be, put upon another, but the moral responsibility would still attach to the person committing the crime.

It is in this that the Christian system is repugnant to reason, in violation of every known principle of human justice, and, as such it must be adjudged to be unsound, untrue and unworthy.

OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN

Every Christian worshipper is called upon during his religious oblations, whether in the public church or in the privacy of the home, to repeat what is commonly designated as the Lord's Prayer, said to have been given by Jesus to the faithful of his flock. For centuries this prayer has been repeated by rote, not one in a thousand ever pausing long enough to consider the utter folly of it all, and the meaningless phrases condensed into so much arrant nonsense. It may be, after all, that "God says in his heart, there is no god," but usually, those who profess to know it all, goes and blabs it right out. Men's acts deal altogether with the visible, but their foolish prayers relate only to the intangible. The first thing is to know what men do, the next and more important, is to know why they do it. We may know the hill of Mirza and from it view the tide of Time rushing over into the illimitable sea, we may be able to comprehend something of the meaning of the mighty, fatefully that is being enacted on the bridge of Life, but we can never know why seemingly intelligent men will continue to waste their time and energies in foolish prayer.

Without you have read the story of the Deserted Village. If you have you will doubtless remember that the talented author describes as being the most learned and intellectual men in that village, the parson and the doctor, here we get into my discussion about theology and at last the parson accuses the doctor of required irreverence towards God, by refusing to look "upward" toward the light. The doctor is made to retort that, as the parson is constantly rolling his eyes upward, he had developed the infatuation headache, called the third eyelid, so common in 1854, which tended to shut out "not all the light," but "all the light the person did not want." It is a fundam ental axiom that too much light is hurtful to weak eyes, and in the same relation too much work is hurtful to weakened minds and intellects and it is such who prefer to spend their time in prayer, hoping to gain something for nothing, to acquire valuable rights without exertion. Thus it is that the Christian world hope to reach the gates of the New Jerusalem and enter in, by merely reciting the Lord's prayer, instead of deserving to go there by good actions.

The opening of the prayer is an address, a direction, indicating that it is intended for a certain being, namely, "Our Father who art in heaven." None ever stop long enough to consider, or even give the matter any thought, whether or not the petition is ever delivered to the being to whom it is addressed. The destination is somewhat vague. It is said that some time ago a religious critic in Germany sent a postal card through the mails simply addressed to "God in Heaven," and the card was returned to the writer officially stamped "insufficiently addressed." It was only too true. The combined wisdom of all the governments of earth has not been able to determine the location of Heaven and none know what it would be like, when they do find it. But why designate that being as "Our Father?" What has he done for mankind that would warrant such a title? Does he give or bestow upon one child of the race its "daily bread" without healthful labor? There may be something in the argument that God helps those who help themselves, but it is noted that the self-help must come first and when the object of the labor has been accomplished through self help, why thank God for it? If man did not help himself, would God take care of him? "Has God taken care of him?" True, indeed, the "Lord has given care of him." But man has to point out the way to solve the problem of provision and production. We frequently hear somebody say, "God help him," and when the necessity arises for such a remark, it is a case of "Good-bye." Man does not need a "Father" in "Heaven." Fathers are needed on earth. They are wanted here. Not to the past, but to the future, man must look for the Saturnian age when the demons of need and greed will be exercised and human love become the universal law. Men must look to the fathers of earth and cease dreaming about imaginary fathers in heaven. The former are capable of useful labor for the production of human happiness, but the latter are dependents upon man for their show of vain glory.

Not so very long ago a religiously inclined lady wrote the blade, saying that Freethinkers were dreamers and accused its editor of dreaming too much. It may be true, and probably is, but we love to dream. Life is a dream. It is mystic, wonderful, and we know not when we sleep nor when, or how we shall wake. We love to dream that this world will cease its vaporing of things celestial and turn its attention to things terrestrial. One entirely waited for us to be born and another waits to see what we will do now we are here. Gazing upon the risque glory that seems to belt the world with beauty, the hope comes in that in the years to be the theological storm clouds that overshadow the mind of men will recede and disappear themselves. The blade may not live to attain it neither may its present readers, but he who strives for it, though vanquished, is still a victor.

In the struggle Freethought may be wounded grievously, yet, by heroic endeavor and united effort, her banner, torn, but flying, shall be able to wave over and above the grave of religious tyranny.

THE BRIDEGROOM CAME, BUT —

The name of Miss Katherine Lang, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, deserves to be immortalized in poetry and prose. We have read the arguments of the marriage reformers, we have waded through the whiteness and whiteness of the advocates of free love and its kindred subjects, but Miss Lang has delivered an argument that cannot be answered and if the great world of Femininity would but follow the example, she has set, the divorce lawyer would have to take in his shingle and go out of business, the divorce mills would cease to grind for lack of grist, and the shameful Benedict's of the day would simply have to take to the woods. Could

her example be followed the domestic peace of the world would be increased.

Numerous exemplars have been pointed to for the guidance of the race and many of the alleged saints whose names are enshrined in the various religions of the world, are made shining stars in humanity's heaven, but they all pale in the presence of Miss Lang. Her act was simple, yet strong; easy, yet of great force and power; commonplace, yet it shines with a lustre the ages cannot dim. She is great in a glory all her own. From the loins of such a woman come the noblest and best of the race. If it be true that Romans mired by a she-wolf actually became demigods, what might not Americans be when sprung from the loins of such a Queen!

According to the published records Miss Lang was engaged to be married. It was no mere dream of sensibility, of which the heaven of free love is built, but a truly practical affair. She was willing to comply with all the requirements of the law. She was young and winsome. Before giving utterance to that one word, which has made many a man lose his identity and demand his introduction upon meeting himself in the middle of the turnpike road, she wanted to know that she was going to be the wife of a real man, one worthy of the name. She made a condition that her intended husband should meet her at the altar with the sum of \$500 in the pockets of his carefully creased pantaloons. On the appointed day Miss Lang went to the church to meet with her liege lord and, the \$500. The intended bridegroom put in his appearance but he failed to produce the cash. Miss Lang thereupon flatly told him in the presence of the assembled guests that she would not marry him and would have nothing more to do with him. Now let us quote:

"When he asked me to marry him," she explained, "I told him that he must first show me that he was able to support a wife by going to work, and that he must further show that he was frugal by saving \$500, which he must produce at the altar. Recently he announced to me that he had saved that much and I agreed that the day of the wedding should be set. Through mutual friends, I learned that he had been working but little in the past year and that he was deceiving me about the amount of money he had saved. I did not want the money, I simply wanted him to show me that he was a man."

Right here the blade wished to extend its congratulations to Miss Lang and to the man who is finally able to prove that he is worthy of her. She was not mercenary. It was her right to know for sure, that she was the wife of a genuine man when the final words were spoken. She recognized the fact that a real man neither idles away his time or lies about the condition of his bank account. If all American women were so exacting the divorce courts would stand idle, their dockets empty, and this would be a saving of money, shame and disgrace. Woman should, at all times be just as determined that she is not linking her domestic fortunes with a male person who is unable to provide for her and her children. Here is marriage reform with a vengeance and the free love advocates are deprived of a very powerful weapon in their argument.

One of the principal troubles with the average young woman is that once she "falls in love" she imagines that the whole world looks upon the object of her affections with the eyes she is using and meditating upon how good and how nice he is. Such a thing as failure upon his part seems impossible to her. A few weeks later when it begins to dawn upon her mind that he hasn't sufficient ability to replenish the larder, it is too late. If she accepts her fate uncomplainingly, but if she is possessed of spirit, and above all the courage, she consults a lawyer.

Were there more women like Miss Lang the linchpin in the logic of those who rail at the institution of marriage would slip out and get lost.

MUSIC AN INDEX TO CIVILIZATION

Show us the music of a people, or a race, and we will point out to you their particular standard of civilization. The more crude the music, the more barbaric the people. It is a long step from the tom-tom and the tinkling plates of the savage to a modern orchestra, yet the former are at the bottom of the scale and the latter at the top, while between them are the various gradations of instrumentation from which people derive the music that is most pleasing to them, the only music they know of.

What man can find language that is sufficiently expressive to describe the effect that music has upon the human mind? He who cannot fully appreciate good music is out of harmony with the spheres. Music is a kind of unfathomable speech, which enriches, elevates and uplifts. If there is such a thing as ever getting toward the edge of infinitude, music will help to take us there. Was it not the immortal Bard of Ayoo who said:

"The man that has no music in himself, Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

and he spoke with a truth. It is a recreation to mind and body. It may come in martial airs, or sweet, soothing melody, but it touches all, inspires all, and the human heart makes a ready reply.

If the premises here laid down are true we can at once perceive that the orthodox heaven is built upon a plan of simple and barbaric splendor. The playing upon harps and the tooting of horns, combined with a big, eternal chorus of hallelujahs, is the only music mentioned as existing in heaven. Add to this a pair of No. ten wings and a crown, another evidence of barbaric thought, and you have the makeup complete. No wonder there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage in heaven. Through it all the orthodox church appropriates the science of music, claims its development as her own and declares in triumph that it is all from god and of

god. Vain fools. Well, indeed did George Elliott say, "God could not make Antonio Stradivari's violins without Antonio." If music was from god and of god he would have given imperfect man perfect music and not leave man to develop it for himself. Only as man has drawn himself away from god has the quality and beauty of his music more fully, more richly developed.

The claim was recently made that if every line of music composed for Christ and his church were removed, there would be nothing in the art left worth retaining. And this in the face of thenumerous contentions, the quarrels and bickerings in so many orthodox churches about the playing upon an organ or the singing of a trained choir in some of the sectarian churches. Why it is not so very long ago that one of the strongest pillars in a Lexington church of prominence withdrew his active support because the more progressive members of the congregation purchased and installed an organ in aid in their Sunday worship; technically that "church pillar" was right. There is too much real beauty in music to waste it in the propaganda of orthodox creeds, and when it is known that men and women attend church more for the sake of the music, than because of the sermons and prayers, the church managers pander to the public passion and strives to build up on the music.

All mankind loves good music. Here is a key-note for Rationalistic work. Why not organize good societies, provide first class music, good singing, and a first class speaker, for the battle would then be won? No fear need be entertained for its perpetuation if such meritorious elements were introduced. Within a comparatively short space of time larger meeting places would have to be secured and civilizing influences would take the place of church doctrine.

ETHICS OF RATIONALISM SUPERIOR TO CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE

The principal doctrine of the Christian cult is self-injuring.

The chief aim of Rationalism is to inculcate the principle of self control.

Between these elements there is a wide and impassable gulf. Upon the former the entire Christian system of morality has been built, and upon the other lies the foundation of all there is to human morality as implied in Freethought.

There is little to be gained by assailing the former in that its failing has been clearly demonstrated by its incapacity for good, hence it is with the latter that we now wish to deal in an effort to point out a method of attaining that condition of the mind wherein self-control becomes the leading virtue.

It is written that Zopyrus, the physiognomist, said, concerning the well known philosopher:

"The features of Socrates showed that he was stupid, brutal, sensual and addicted to drunkenness."

History records that when this statement was brought to Socrates, he at once replied:

"By nature I am addicted to all these sins, and they were only restrained and vanquished by the continual practice of virtue."

This is the secret of moral success in a nutshell. It is all summed up in that eloquent and forceful reply of Socrates. In other words, it means that the particular virtue one would like to have, must be first assumed as already his, then appropriated, then to become a part of and live in the character of the individual. No matter how great are your weaknesses, or how much you may regret them, assume steadily and persistently those opposite until you acquire the habit of holding the loftier thought, then to live it, not in its weakness but in its wholesomeness and strength. It is necessary, however, that the ideal sought, be an efficient faculty or quality, not marred or deficient. The only way to reach or to attain to any lofty purpose is to head one's self towards it with all one's might and we approximate it just in proportion to the intensity and the persistency of our effort to attain it.

It might be said that all this sounds well and reads well on paper, but it is impossible, impracticable. But is it? Suppose one tries it! See, day, sometime, if you are excitable and nervous and inclined to fly off at a tangent over some little annoyances or trifling difficulty, do not waste your time regretting this weakness and telling those you meet that you cannot help it. Just assume the calm, deliberate, quiet composure which should characterize your ideal, then persuade yourself that you are the opposite to that which you had believed yourself. You will be amazed to see the wondrous change its effects will produce. This is the very essence of the principle of self control and at the same time it clearly establishes the fact that the salvation and improvement of man lies within himself. Accomplish this and the church is fully answered in all things. Attain it and Freethought has successfully engrafted itself upon the great plant of human life.

ABOUT THE MOORE BOOK.

So far the proposition suggested to publish in book form a collection of the best theological writings of our late Editor C. C. Moore, has met with a favorable response. The number of approving letters we have received up to this time are far from sufficient to justify us assuming the burden of such an expense and we again ask our readers to give us an expression of their opinion.

The communication, published in last week's Blade, from Dr. J. B. Wilson, concerning this subject, ought to have weight with many. Doctor Wilson knows, better than most men, the nature and character of those writings which were published during Mr. Moore's proudest days, when he was in full possession and enjoyment of a vigorous intellect. To be candid, we agree with Dr. Wilson, in that neither Dog Fennel in the Orient or Dehind

the Bars really do Mr. Moore justice in regard to his views on matters religious. His earlier writings, most of which have been preserved in a scrap book are more able to perpetuate his memory in the world of Freethought and link his name with the glorious immortals of the past.

Reader, do not hesitate to say what you think about it. The Blade is your Forum. We do not ask for any money until the book is completed and ready for mailing. It is a published due notice will be given to all subscribers. The book will cost each dollar and we propose to print the name of each subscriber on the cover in gold letters. We want one thousand subscriptions, but as soon as five hundred names have been received, we will begin to publish the book.

* * * *

The man who makes the slightest attempt to unravel the arguments of modern preachers afloat the unknown, needs a ball of twine, a piece of chalk and an extinguishable torch, if he hopes to ever be able to find his way out of the mystic maze, back to the sunshine of common sense.

* * * *

Solomon admitted that there were three things altogether too wonderful for him to understand, and it must not be forgotten that David's second son had been gathered to his fathers for long years before the present political combinations in America were born.

* * * *

Don't buy all the blame on the Catholic church! Why, if the protestant clergy could have their way they would transform this nation into an intolerant theocracy, instanter, and proceed to disfranchise every Jew and Catholic, every Atheist and Agnostic and do it all for the great glory of God.

* * * *

Our jury trials are rapidly becoming a screaming farce. In the old days a trial by jury was the sheet anchor of liberty, to-day it is the rock in the tempestuous sea of anarchy. In the old days it was the bright bow of promise, to-day it is the desolate desert of an abject slavery. Sacred reliques have even been a valuable aid to religion, but having crossed the bridge it was the part of wisdom to burn it that we may not return. As the old order changes, yielding place to new, we must need reform our entire jury system or abolish it.

* * * *

Every ecclesiastical attempt to suppress liberty of thought has, with all the centuries, proven disastrous failures until today the Index Expurgatorius of the Roman church completely nullifies itself, by spreading in the widest community the very works whose good fortune it has been to fall under its ban. Ever since the Edenic episode, and before it, mankind in general has manifested a keen appetite for forbidden fruit.

* * * *

When the great body of the American people can be made to understand that every penny collected, by whatever method, by any department of government, comes from out the seant purse of Labor, which is the only source of wealth, we may then confidently hope to hear of political issues that will stand for something, mean something.

* * * *

Reader, did you ever stop to think what could be accomplished, could the Blade be enabled to penetrate every American home? Could we lay bare the serpent of religious fanaticism, could we lay bare the frauds of the clergy, could we dissipate the mirage in which so many of them believe, the era of reform and righteousness, would be at hand. The Blade cannot do this today because it lacks the requisite number of readers. More readers is the pressing necessity. Can't you and I join our forces? Suppose you make a real effort? Say to yourself, "I can get a new subscriber inside of the next thirty days," and then immediately afterwards say, "I will get that new subscriber inside of thirty days." In this world it is the "I can and I will," that counts.

* * * *

No, the fool-killer is not dead, he has simply vanquished. He took one look at the fan de siere of fledgling preachers, they are turning out from Kentucky, the bunch of Sweet Williams who play the part of church denunciations, and then immediately hit the dusty for parts unknown. Some day he will return, and then somebody had better "look or leade out!" for he can play a fearful hooey when he has to. Pity, isn't it, that men should really demand such a functionary?

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Correspondents when writing to the Blade for the purpose of having their communications published are requested to observe the following rules:

1. Write only on one side of the paper.

2. Condense what you have to say so as to make not more than 300 words.

3. Always sign your name as anonymous communications will not be published.

4. The author must know with whom it is destined. If you wish to have your name other than your own published privately to the editor. It will be entirely guarded.

5. If your letter is not published, don't write and complain about it. There are hundreds of others. The publication of letters will be given in the order of being received and in accordance with their literary or business value.

TALKS TO CORRESPONDENTS

W. G. MacNEILL—Your good wishes are appreciated. The subhead over your letter will suggest a copy to Tampa, Fla.—Where can I buy a copy of Mary McNamee's book, and at what price. The Blade used to sell it.—AN-DREW COOK.

Who Can Answer This?

Tampa, Fla.—Where can I buy a copy of Mary McNamee's book, and at what price. The Blade used to sell it.—AN-DREW COOK.

The Way to Talk

Columbus, Ohio.—Induced P. O. Order for \$1.50 for one year's renewal to the Blade. Is it worth your while to pay the extra dollar extra? Not that I think this price too high, but I am afraid we will lose readers.

I will do all I can for the paper here.—H. AUSTIN.

Better to Be Never Late

Clinch, Ind.—You will please send P. O. Money Order for \$200 herewith enclosed which will advance my subscription to September 1907. I have been very negligent in not remitting sooner, but later have never returned. Wishing you the best of success.—W. G. MacNEILL.

Short, But to the Point

Acton, Mass.—John—please find one dollar, subscription to Blade.—LEON DAS LEAHL.

Short Wife Wants Another

Birmingham, Ala.—I had a wife; she was an infant; smoothly sailed our matrimonial bark for seven years; she married Christian; for three years our bark the tempest tossed, till at last a reef struck and our house was lost.

In the recesses of my heart, down deep I feel an ache. Pray for me brethren, but don't forget to tell God that I do not care for the woman, but through the blinding tears I see the children.

John Wilson—We thank you for your interest. The Blade is true that we have had to change our rates but upon the next renewal the matter can be easily arranged.

Samuel Brewer—Your kindly actions are fully appreciated. Did the Blade have more such friends it would soon become a power in the land. Many thanks.

E. H. Burnham—Expressions of appreciation coming from you are a cause of gratification. We will use the clipping with editorial comment.

John McFarland—Various reports have been sent concerning the Judge Roche incident. From what you say, he is a scoundrel. We thank you for your report, but don't let me tell you all that was coming to him and even descend into the gutter.

Frank Holmes—Thanks for clipping. L. M. Lawrence—Your condition is certainly unenviable. Still, you're not the first family that has been ruined by religion. If you have health and strength, it might be worse. While the Blade is not a matrimonial agent it publishes your expressed wishes.

Bennie Columbus—That preacher's emanation is enough to make any one laugh. It is the same old story. Doubtless the woman tempted him as he seems anxious to deny the apple. We make some reference to it.

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he was one year behind, but while in Waco, Mo., J. D. Shaw gave me my copy of the Searchlight, he was making out October, and after getting home last night I noticed an item stating you had raised the price of the Blade to \$1.75 so I send on the \$2.00 to pay up to the present and as much longer as it will pay for. Mr. Kendrick informed me you had had name Hendrick instead of Kendrick and asked me to have it corrected, please do so, hoping the above is satisfactory. I am yours for progress.—D. E. MARSH.

Approaching His Journey's End.

El Dorado Springs, Mo.—My health has given out to such an extent, that I am hardly able to read or write as I am positively unable to follow the lines. I feel sure that I am at the brink of that river after the crossing of which no returns. I therefore intend to square myself with everybody, including the Blade by sending fifty cents worth of postage stamps for what I am behind, at the end of the time they pay for, drop my name from your subscription list.—DAVID SHIMM.

LIBERTY

What man is there so bold that he should say:

"There is thus only world I have the sex?"

For whether lying calm and beautiful, Clasping the earth in love, and throwing back the smile of heaven waves of amethyst;

or whether, freshest by the busy winds,

It bears the trade and navies of the world

To end of use and stern activity;

Or whether, lashed by tempests, it gives way

To elemental fury, howls and roars

At all its rocky barriers, in wild lust

Of mad drink the blood of living things,

And desolate shores.

Always it is the sea, and all bowed down

Before its vast and varied majesty.

And so in vain will timorous men assay

To set the metes and bounds of liberty,

For freedom is its own eternal law;

It makes its own conditions, and in

storm

Or calm alike fulfills the unerring will.

Let us not then despise it when it lies still as a sleeping lion, while a swarm of serpent-like evils hover around its head,

Nor doubt it when in mad, disquieting times.

It shakes the torch of terror, and its

ery

Shrills o'er the quaking earth, and in the

lime

Of riot and war we see its awful form

Rise by the scaffold, where the crimson

axe

Clings down its groves the knell of

shuddering kings,

For always in thine eyes, O Liberty,

Shines that light whereby the world is

saved.

And, though, though say us, we will trust

in thee—John Hay.

NOTE REDUCTIONS.

Hanover, N.H.—\$1.50, "Special Review," 22 Jrs., \$25.00—"New Way," 23 Jrs., \$34; "Dinner Watch Co., 21 Jrs., \$17; same 17 Jrs., \$14.

Elgin: "Veritas," 23 Jrs., \$29. "Time," 23 Jrs., \$22.50; "W. W. Raymond," 19 Jrs., \$18. "S. W. Raymond," 17 Jrs., \$18.50.

Waltham: "Vanguard," 23 Jrs., \$29.

Clinton Street Clock, \$22.50; "Appleton," 17 Jrs., \$18.50; same not "Premier," \$16.

The above guaranteed to pay R.

Sundries: "Waltham," P. S. Bartlett, or "Elgin" "Wheeler," 17 Jrs., \$12, ad-

justed, nickel, \$9; silver, \$17; gold, \$27.

Clinton, \$16.50; "Riverside," extra fine, \$24.

in 25-year case, \$11.50.

in 14-k solid gold, \$50.00 more. Letter

with diamonds, all in push box, pre-

paid, with guarantee.

Send for prices of Watches not list-

ed, Jewelry, Books, Pictures, Musical Instruments, Optical Goods and My Tract,

"The Sun in the Cradle," free.

OTTO WETTMAN,

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GREATEST DISCOVERIES OF SCIENCE EVER MADE

GOD, SATAN AND HOLY GHOST ARE NOTHING BUT CREATIONS OF FICTION. HEAVEN AND HELL ARE ONLY MYTHS. CONSCIOUS LIFE IS EXTINGUISHED AT DEATH.

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If you have loved ones you wish rescued from the misery of worshiping a dead man named Jesus and a myth named God, you should join this Church and it will aid you in freeing them, and in saving your posterity from becoming idolaters by teaching them The Truth About God.

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